

OLD ENGLAND's

TE DEUM.



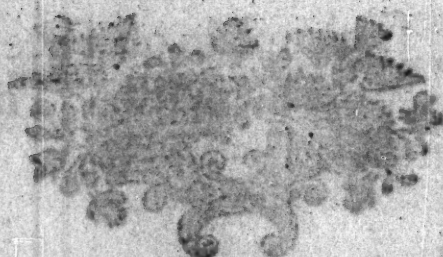
L O N D O N:

Printed for J. JOLLY, near the Great Toy-
Shop, by St. Pauls.

OLD ENGLAND'S

THE MUSEUM

46.
12 17.
115.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Jolly, near the Green Tree.
Solely by St. Paul.

OLD ENGLAND'S

TEDEUM.



E complain of Thee, O ^{King} King,
we acknowledge Thee to be
an ^Haven.

All ^Hungary doth wor-
ship Thee, the Captain
Everlasting.

To Thee all Placemen cry aloud, the
House of Lords, and all the Courtiers
therein.

B

To

To Thee *Carteret* and *Bath* continually
do cry.

Warlike, Warlike, Warlike Captain
General of the Armies! *Brunswick* and
Luxembourg are full of the Brightness of
our Coin.

The venal Company of Pensioners praise
Thee.

The goodly Fellowship of Ministers praise
Thee.

The noble Army of *Hanoverians* praise
Thee.

The Holy Bench of Bishops throughout
the Land doth acknowledge Thee.

Thine Honourable, true and steady Son.

Also my Lady *Tarmonth* the Comforter.

Thou art a Glorious Prince, O *Frederick*!

Thou

Thou art the ever-changing Son of the
Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver
this Nation, thou didst not abhor thy Father's
Exchequer.

When thou hadst overcome the Sharpness
of Want, Thou didst open the Smiles of thy
Favour to all Believers in a Court.

Thou fittest at the right Hand of ~~Grace~~ in
the Treasury of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our
Scourge.

We therefore pray thee provide for thy
Servants, whom thou hast sold with thy
Reputation.

Make them to be numberd with thy Slaves
in Infamy Everlasting.

O King spare thy People of England.

And

And now squeeze thy People of *Harvey*.

Govern them as Thou hast done us.

And confine them to their *Tunneps* for
ever.

Day by Day we sing Ballads unto Thee.

And we ball against *Harvey*, ever World
without end.

Vouchsafe O *King*, to keep us this Year
without thy *Harveyans*.

The Lord have Mercy upon us; The Lord
have Mercy upon us.

O *King* let thy Mercy lighten our T-x-s,
as our Credit should be in Thee.

O *King* in Thee have I trusted, let me not
be confounded.

Valour

Valour be to the Father, Common-Sense to the Son, and a young Bed-Fellow to the Councils of Yarmouth; as was not in the Beginning, is not now, nor is ever like to be, World without End.

F I N I S.



Without End.
ning, is not now, nor is ever like to be. World
of T. as was in the Begin-
the 2. and a 3. w to the C
Vision be to the C. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.



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